

THE HOLLAND NIGHTINGALE, OR

The Sweet Singers of Amsterdam;

BEING

A Paraphrase upon the Fable of the Frogs fearing that the Sun would Marry.

By J. O.



Low-Country Provinces, United Bogs,
Once Distress'd States, now Hogen Mogen Frogs,
(Royal and Noble Interest gone) Command,
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land :
Who but a Century of Years before
Dabbed in Fishing, espicably Poor,
In seamless Vessels, Troughs cut out of Logs,
Catch'd Whiting-Tops; now Gogs and Gogmagogs !
In stately Pines new Constellations raise,
Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways;
Through boyling Wine, and Cakes of crufted Ice,
For Gold and Silver Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
What Straights, Guphs, trending Bays, spare they to
By Water to take in the Universe ? (pierce,
Are they with Force not able to Invade ?
No matter ; They undo the World by Trade :
Four Frogs, two Tod-poles, and one greasie Toad,
Deep freighted Vessels bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a conternating Panick Fear
Dejected much : The Sun will Wed they hear :
The News from *Inda*, worse than Plague or War,
Brought and attested by a Blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches the Gygantick Frogs,
Pale Terror shrunk : Summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came
Up to their prime *Horraß*, their greatest Damm.

There the new Stat-house stands, built fair and large
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge ;
Where they on all Emergencies of State,
Or private Business in Convention fate.

No Portico this Modern Building fac'd,
Within no ancient Princes Figures grac'd ;
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor
To stand with Befoms there behind the Door ;
Who for their own Good-Old-Cause Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd :
But Gods and Goddesses in Marble Carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the *Heathen* serv'd,
In all the *Nieches*, each convenient place,
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace.
But yet for all their Skill, these Belgick Toads
Made Upsie-Dutch Heroes and Grecian Gods.

Early this day assembled Old and Young,
The Damm they cover, and the Stat-house throng :
Silence comanded, not one whispering Croak,
An old Sag-bellied Toad rising, thus spoke :

Grave Hogen Mogen, High and Mighty Frogs !
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,
And so improv'd these your United States,
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Mates ;
Though we from Mushrooms sprung, and Spawn of Toads,
Seven petty Provinces our small Aboads,
Yet the whole World are Tributaries made
To us, by Traffick and the Power of Trade.
Hereafter we by Conquest may prevail ;
Our Title Treasure, and ten thousand Sail.
Your High and Mighty Toadships understand,
We fear no mortal Power by Sea or Land ;
Such are our Forts, such Frontiers we maintain ;
And such our Castles floating on the Main.
But from above the dreadful News we hear,
The Sun will Marry, a just cause of Fear ;
And the first Year please his fair Spouse at home :
What in his absence will of us become,
That live in Water, and grow fat in Bogs ?
We shall be stil'd once more, Distressed Frogs.
His Absence will our Marshes in a trice
To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice.
Or should we scape such a continued Frost
As girdles up nine Months the Arctick Coast,
His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son,
Shall quite out of the beaten Zodiack run ;
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
That soon to Fire hee'l rarifie the Air ;
Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how Phaeton our ample Bogs
To Jelly boil'd ; stew'd Tod-poles, Toads, and Frogs
In one Pottage, and Pluto gave, who swore
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.
Many such Yonkers may spring from his Loyns,
And share his Houses, twelve Celestial Signs ;
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too :
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do !
To what Protector shall we make address ?
All know that Neptune this concerns no less ;

Such Drinking Suns would at one Meeting quaff
(were there so many) twenty Oceans off.
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath-day,
We're no such Jews, nor Christians, but we may :
He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide
Imbodied, threatned o'r our Tow'rs to Ride ;
And, soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,
Beat off those Waves that Storm'd our yielding Damm ;
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous ! the Foundations quake,
And the stiff Idols, fix'd in Marble, shake ;
When Neptune, where he did in Triumph ride,
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd ;
His Trident waving then with Arms displaid,
Thus, to the People much admiring, said :

Batavian Frogs, Advanc'd by my sole Power,
Whom Jove first Planted from a Thunder-shower,
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Offspring shake :
To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake,
My Warry Kingdoms Laver into Suds,
To quench their Torches : To the Stygian Floods
I'll Titan send, and all his fiery Tits,
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,
Nor Plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.
Suspect no Conflagrations from the East,
But a new Sun that riseth in the West ;
His Flames beware ; His kindled Vengeance shall,
Unless you straight submit, consume you all ;
Whose Predecessors rais'd you to this height,
From Him, Ungrateful Toads ! expect your Fate :
His Royal Brother Leads, upon the Main,
A hundred floating Cities in a Train,
With Fire and forty thousand Hectors big.
In vain so many Vessels out you Rig :
In vain your Forts and your Land Force you brag ;
Stoop, or be ruin'd, to the British Flag,
That must, and ever shall, give Laws to you ;
The World, at Sea, they're able to subdue.

This said, their God grows Pale, and with a Groan
The Statue leaves, once more, a senseless Stone.

M O R A L.

Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride :
Beggars on Horseback to the Devil ride.